

ANOTHER DEATH CURVE AT THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

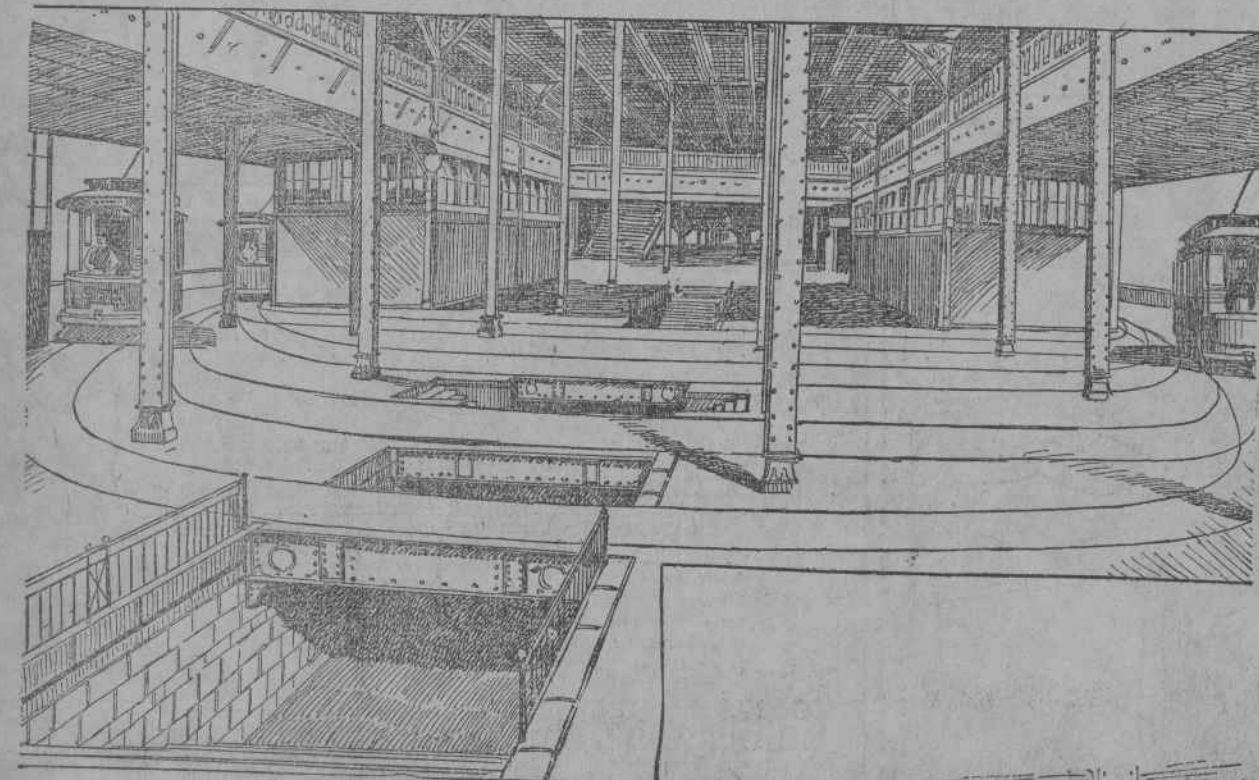
"In case the crossing of the tracks by the people proves dangerous * * * turn the space over to the trolley cars."—From interview with C. C. Martin, Superintendent.

SCHEME RUSHED THROUGH WHILE THE PUBLIC ELECTED A MAYOR.

Neither Mayor Strong Nor Mayor Wurster Has Paid Any Attention to the Matter—Last Act of the Outgoing Trustees.

How Can the Daily Multitudes Cross Four Trolley Tracks at Grade?

"Well, if anybody is killed, the trolley companies will have to pay for it, and I think they will look out that no one is hurt."—From an interview with Mayor Strong.



WORK upon the loops for the Brooklyn trolley roads on the New York end of the Bridge shows that the tracks are to be laid on the grade of the promenade. No subway is to be constructed for pedestrians. All Bridge passengers except those using the outer stairway leading from Park row will have to cross tracks constantly used by trolley cars. The peril of such construction is apparent. Indignation of the people at the unexpected invasion of the promenade, without providing them a way to reach the cars without crossing tracks is expressed in censure of the trustees.



Brooklyn Trolley Juggernauts Invading New York,

An anticipatory scene that will be of daily occurrence when the "deadly link" at this end of the Bridge is placed in full operation.

The Brooklyn trolley cars will make the turn at the New York end of the Bridge upon the grade of the promenade. According to present plans no subway will be constructed for pedestrians.

The peril to people who use the Bridge will be appalling.

Death curve on the Broadway cable road, when the cable cars swing around Union Square at full speed, was as safe as a country road compared to the complication of dangers that will be congregated at the Bridge should the construction be continued according to the plans now under way.

Death, it would seem, will have a daily feast, with the trolley cars providing victims.

Think of the conditions! Four loops of tracks are being laid at the New York end of the Bridge. On each of these four loops cars will be moving constantly.

The approach is the place of greatest congestion of people in all this city.

Even women and children boarding and leaving the cars must use the roadway on the level on which the cars run.

These passengers are not the only people who must cross the four sets of tracks, dodging in and out among the cars.

Pedestrians bound for the promenade across the Bridge and also for the stairs leading to the stations of the Bridge cars and of the Brooklyn elevated trains soon to cross the Bridge, and pedestrians emerging from the promenade and from the elevated roads and the Bridge cars, must cross the

four sets of tracks of the Brooklyn trolley cars.

Loss of Life Inevitable.

The gift of prophecy is not needed to foretell the result.

Life and limb can be counted of little worth when such a focus of people and of deadly trolley cars is permitted.

The New York end of the Bridge, even at the present time, is a place where one must be wary to escape injury.

The lines of vehicles and horses coming from the northern roadway of the Bridge, and the other lines bound toward the southern roadway, constantly are blocked in Park row, a narrow street, in which cable cars and horse cars are always passing.

Running from cars, shying under the heads of horses, and fleeing at the warning bells of the bicycle riders, the pedestrian sighs with relief when he enters the approach to the Bridge, for there he is safe from chaos and horses and bicycles.

Now, this place of safety is to be invaded by cars, and to become the very centre of peril, four sets of tracks, each set of tracks occupied by a steady procession of trolley cars, making a series of dangers that even the nimblest of the city newsmen may fear.

People who cross the Bridge now very well know the condition in Fulton street, Brooklyn. To cross that street between the cars is neither easy nor safe. Imagine Fulton street with four tracks, instead of two tracks; imagine those tracks constantly occupied by cars; imagine a crowd of 150,000 people a day walking across those tracks, among those cars and, perceiving your indignation is good, you may have a perception of the horrors in store for the public at the New York end of the Bridge.

Done While the Public Slept.

The question may well be asked: How is it that plans providing for

these four loops on the grade of the promenade were approved without clamorous objection from the people? The answer is that the people did not understand the plans until the workmen with their sledges and chisels began to chip into the cement to make a place for the rails.

When first the project to run the trolley cars across the Bridge was considered, the plans included the construction of a subway in which pedestrians might go to any line of trolley cars without crossing the tracks of any other line, or might gain the promenade without crossing a track or passing a car.

Of the amendments to the plans nothing was known generally. In the stirring excitement over the first election in the greater city no attention was given to railroads, save by railroad men and by trustees of the Bridge.

The trustees of the Bridge may find they have brought upon themselves heavy censure in the last days of their official terms by permitting the change that allows the trolley roads to make a cheap job of the work at the New York approach.

About 145,000 people cross the Bridge daily on the Bridge cars. The number of pedestrians is not recorded, but certainly several thousands walk over the Bridge when the weather is element. To be sure, all these people will not have to cross the four loops of the trolley cars.

Many people can and undoubtedly will use the stairs from Park row, avoiding altogether the death at the notman's crank, but these stairs will accommodate only a certain number of people, and even now during the hours when travel is largest these stairways are densely thronged.

Like the Jews of Death.

The people who ride on the trolley cars, however, cannot by any means escape the perils. A person who desires to take, say, a

car on the fourth loop from the street, must cross three sets of tracks to board his car. A person bound for a car on the third loop must cross two sets of tracks. The people bound to and from the trolley cars will constitute a great crowd. Then add to the others who do not use the stairs from the street, and the throng will be so dense that one of two things must happen—either cars cannot run or else people will be hurt and killed—and the cars will surely run.

THEIR TERMS EXPIRE.

Bridge Trustees Who Approve the Plans Are All Soon to Go Out of Office.

All the arrangements by which the Brooklyn elevated railroad trains and the Brooklyn trolley cars cross the Bridge were made by trustees who are about to be retired from office by the charter to go into effect on the first of January next. The convenience to passengers from extension of the trips of the elevated trains and the trolley cars across the Bridge was so obvious that very little public attention was given to the conditions made by the trustees.

Now that the work has begun and the people can see that the four loops of the trolley cars are to be on the grade of the promenade and that either the service must be inefficient or perilous, or both inefficient and perilous, they are inquiring to learn if the trustees have not weakly given away valuable privileges without sufficient return and without adequate requirements for protection of pedestrians and for efficiency of service.

The contracts between the railroad com-

Continued on Fourth Page.

THORN'S TRIAL COMES TO A SUDDEN END.

New Trial Imperative.

I REGRET very much that all of our work has been undone by this unfortunate illness of a juror. A new trial is imperative, however. I only hope that we will be as fortunate again in finding a jury and in getting our evidence clearly before it.—District-Attorney Youngs to the Journal.

Owing to Juror Larsen's Serious Illness All the Work Must Be Gone Through Again.

PANEL OF TALESMEN TO BE SUMMONED AT ONCE FOR A NEW JURY.

The Second Trial Not Expected to Be Under Way Before Next Week—Thorn Chafes Under Delay—Mrs. Nack Suffers a Weeping Spell—Howe Keeps a Bold Front.

Accessory After the Fact.

THORN has never admitted or suggested to anyone that he was in the original plan to kill Goldensuppe. On the contrary, he says it was entirely the work, plan, project and carrying out of Mrs. Nack. Like the chivalrous fellow he is, he tried to conceal her crime.—William F. Howe to the Journal.



Juror Larsen, as He Lies Ill in Bed.

THORN'S trial collapsed yesterday. District-Attorney Youngs announced to the Journal last night that a mistrial would be ordered this morning, the jury dismissed and permission asked to summon a new panel of talesmen.

This was made necessary by the serious condition of the sick juror, Magnus Larsen, who was operated upon last evening for appendicitis. The operation was successful, but Larsen cannot leave his home for ten days, and to risk the strain of jury service in such a case so soon after recovery would be suicidal.

A new trial was, therefore, found to be unavoidable. Justice Smith will order one at 11 o'clock this morning. At that time he will convene court, hear the physician's report in Juror Larsen's case, dismiss the other eleven jurors and fix a date for the second trial.

It will probably require until Monday to summon a new panel and make the necessary arrangements to reopen the case. District-Attorney Youngs said last night that it was not contemplated that a change of venue would be asked.

The session of the court yesterday lasted only a few minutes. A physician's report that the sick juror was suffering from appendicitis was heard by Judge Smith and an adjournment ordered until this morning.

ODD FORTUNE AFFECTS THE TRIAL.

Julian Hawthorne Asks If Criminal Lawyers Do Not Sometimes Overstep the Bounds.

By Julian Hawthorne.

THE FORTUNE of the trial was changed by the trouble with Juror Larsen's vermiform appendix. It has been a unique trial in all other respects, but could not be satisfied without this eccentricity also. Juror Larsen was not a very robust looking person to begin with, and it is quite possible that an operation might send him into the next world before he is able to co-operate with his eleven colleagues in relegating Thorn thither. The law is an awful and irresistible thing, and yet helpless as an infant in predicaments such as this. The case is already decided in the minds of all disinterested persons, and there are eleven good men and true still remaining to hear and pass upon the technicalities that are yet to be disposed of; but the law is powerless to proceed, because the vermiform appendix of Juror Larsen has bound it hand and foot.

After all, we should not complain; progress has been so preternaturally rapid thus far that nature herself stepped in, protesting, and bade us pause a while. Thorn must halt just

as he is on the point of taking his seat in the witness chair, and return to his cell and innocent reveries for an indefinite interval. It is annoying, but it is a wholesome reminder that even Queens county courts are but mortal and cannot be miraculous continually.

Mr. Howe an Actor.

When I came into court this morning I saw the impressive figure of counsel for the defence, surrounded by minor creatures. Mr. Howe has a fine, artistic sense; he dresses his parts as well as enacts them. If it were admissible to imagine him, for a moment, in his shirt sleeves, I should suppose he might measure about eighteen inches across the shoulders. At such times, of course, he would be merely the private citizen, genial and retiring. But on the opening of the trial, when jury fishing was the diversion, he was in his cooling, warbling and tremolo state, and he wore a sackcoat of perhaps two feet width in the back. Yesterday, when he thundered and lightened and beloveted like the minotaur about to rend its victim, his shoulders had broadened by at least six inches more. But this morning Mr. Howe, in addition to his yachting cap, had on an overcoat that was fairly continental in its acreage. It made him look as if he would have been taller had he been lying on his edge. I tremble to think what must have been the mental condition of the great lawyer, thus sym-

bolically bodied forth. Imagine being cross-examined by him while in this five-foot beam condition!

Thorn Like a Mummy.

Thorn came in, chained to his balliff. He must have passed an evil night. His aspect and expression were entirely changed. His skin was yellowed and very like that of a mummy. His eyes had sunk in their sockets, and there was a feverish misery in them. The flesh about his mouth seemed to have thinned away, leaving wiry creases, as he pressed his lips together. Poor wretch! He is a human creature, after all, though a more evil and poisonous one perhaps never existed. But when I think of what must have been the thoughts of his brain last night, and the passions of his heart, I have no animosity against him any more; the electric chair will be an easy chair to him.

Howe's Lack of Tact.

But Mr. Howe turned round in his chair as Thorn slipped in behind him, and ostentatiously patted him on the shoulder. I am afraid I must withdraw what I said earlier in the trial about Mr. Howe's tact; the more it is needed the less he has of it to show. Why should he love the murderer so much more after he had been proved a murderer? His new "theory" of the case—that Mrs. Nack did the murder while Thorn timidly and deprecatingly peeked round the corner—is so fantastically imaginative that one would